

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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for cover.

ORIGINAL POEMS

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O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y *Clara Reeves.*

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SPES INCERTA FUTURI. VIRG.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. and J. W. PASHAM, in BLACK-FRIARS;
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MDCCLXIX.

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

THE

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY

THE



T O T H E
HON. MRS. STRATFORD.

Perhaps there is in Fate an hour,
To grace me in Miranda's pow'r ;
To nobler works I'll fix her name,
And her protection shall be Fame.

M A D A M,

IN these lines, the conclusion of the Epithalamium I had the honor to present upon your happy nuptials, my muse foretold the occasion she should have for your future support and protection, and the time is come for her to avail herself of their influence.

THE

DEDICATION.

THE generous manner in which you have always cherished and cultivated every spark of genius that has fallen within your observation, the indulgence and encouragement that I in particular have received from you; these, Madam, render you the most proper person to give countenance and support to the present undertaking.

IT affords me great pleasure to express in this public manner, the sense I have of the repeated favours I have received from you and Mr. STRATFORD, who have shewn me such instances of esteem and protection as are seldom expected, and seldomer received from the friendship of those of superior rank and fortune.

LONG

DEDICATION.

LONG and happily may you live together, ornaments of the exalted station you were born to appear in, and examples of conjugal felicity. The marriage state stands in need of such, to rescue it from the contempt which the abandoned and unthinking throw upon it; and the disgrace it sustains from the unworthiness of individuals :

“ Then shou’d men learn to love by Virtue’s rules,
“ And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

I have the honour to be with all respect,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged,

and obedient servant,

C. R.



DEDICATION

Long and happily may you live together,
ornaments of the exalted station you were
born to appear in, and examples of conjugal
felicity. The marriage state stands in need
of such to rescue it from the contempt which
the abandoned and unthinking throw upon it;
and the disgrace it sustains from the lawless
chins of individuals:

That you may learn to love by Virtue's mirror,
And marriage be no more the fall of love;
I have the honour to be with all respect,

M. A. D. A. N.

Your most obliged

and obedient servant

C. R.

A N
ADDRESS TO THE READER,
CONTAINING
AN ACCOUNT OF SOME PART OF THIS COLLECTION,
WITH
REMARKS UPON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

I HAVE as strong an antipathy to tedious and dull
prefaces, as any person living; 'at the same time,
am desirous to recommend myself to the favour of my
readers, by accounting for some things in this motley
collection of fugitive pieces. I am sensible, that it is ne-
cessary to obviate some reflections that will naturally arise
in the reader's mind, and that have already afforded a
subject for raillery, if not for criticism. There seems

always to be a degree of vanity and presumption in those who believe themselves capable of entertaining, or informing the public; the natural dislike, mankind in general have to admit a supposed intimation of superiority in any respect, leads them to examine these pretensions with strictness, and to admit them with reluctance.

On the other hand, the poor author puts himself in every body's power, risks the reputation he has acquired among his friends, and ventures a certain for an uncertain good; the generous and candid part of the world have always allowed, that a fair hearing at least, is due to the person who runs so great a hazard to contribute to their entertainment.

The fear of censure if carried too far, would suppress every effort of rising genius, and deprive the world of the advantages it continually receives from it.

Every

Every man must be conscious of his talent before he can use it, and if this consciousness is free from pride, impudence, and self-conceit; I do not see that he is justly blameable for endeavouring to avail himself of the talents he has received from his Creator, for it is his duty not to conceal and suppress, but to cultivate, to improve, and to communicate.

I formerly believed, that I ought not to let myself be known for a scribbler, that my sex was an insuperable objection, that mankind in general were prejudiced against its pretensions to literary merit; but I am now convinced of the mistake, by daily examples to the contrary. I see many female writers favourably received, admitted into the rank of authors, and amply rewarded by the public; I have been encouraged by their success, to offer myself as a candidate for the same advantages. I hope thus much may serve as a general apology for this undertaking.

I come now to such parts of it, as I am apprehensive may afford the reader a subject for animadversion; I mean the Songs and the Oratorio: if the reader will favour me with his attention, I hope to justify myself, as to the motives that induced me to attempt this kind of writing; but I have something to offer preparatory to this, which I presume will not be thought unnecessary nor unuseful, and perhaps may not be the least entertaining of any part of the book.

I have a natural affection for music, I say affection rather than passion, because I am not intoxicated by it, but can reduce the pleasure arising from it, under the regulation of reason; I am indeed too apt to moralise away all my pleasures, and whilst I enjoy them am always investigating the subject, and endeavouring to find out why I am pleased or displeased. I have read many books upon the subject of music, have reflected upon them, and drawn such inferences, as reason, and sometimes as fancy have suggested to me; but vocal music has more particularly

larly engaged my attention. I have considered the various modes of harmony of words and sounds, whether separately or united, and the wonderful effects of those songs, where the *subject* of the music, and the *subject* of the words were happily adapted to each other. These speculations might be carried very far, but; I shall only pursue them so far as they are relative to the subject of this little essay. It has been matter of surprise to me, that when the rich and inexhaustible stores of poetry our language affords, are open to every reader, the musical composers in general should choose to set such wretched trash as they generally do. When we look over the list of new songs which are every year produced, and sung at the public places of entertainment, we cannot but wonder that a composer of common sense, should not endeavour to get something above the vile and despicable stile, in which those songs are generally written. An ingenious writer of this age, thus ludicrously and happily describes them.

“ The

[XIV]

“ The Ranelagh songs that come down to us, are in
“ a stile perfectly familiar, and are all cast in the same
“ mould. Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue
“ together, he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and
“ she presents him with a nosegay, and then away they
“ go together to church, where they give advice to all
“ the young nymphs and swains, to get married as fast
“ as they can.”

It is very strange that a musical ear and taste, should be incapable of feeling the force of harmonious numbers, as the talents seem to bear a strong resemblance to each other; yet, that they are seldom united wants no proof, as every single person can recollect a thousand instances, wherein his ear hath been pleased, and his understanding disgusted at the same time.

In this age, the current of popular taste runs strongly toward music, and some attempts have been made to reconcile

concile sense and sound in the same composition: but it has seldom succeeded. I do not know any piece that has come so near it as the Maid of the Mill: in most of the songs, the characters are well expressed, in many of them thought is expressed by the sound, but still we know that the words were written to the music, instead of the music adapted to the words; how much higher might musical expression be carried with this in view?

Whenever a genius shall arise, in which these two great talents are united in an eminent degree, the world will be surprised at the effect of the united powers of poetry and music.

In pursuing this subject, I will offer to the reader one of my excursions of fancy, which will, as I apprehend, illustrate this subject better than dry reasoning. I have called my imaginary songs instances to prove, that sense may as easily be set to music, as nonsense.

S O N G I.
A M O R O U S S T Y L E.
R E C I T A T I V E.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, fail, and die.

A I R.

A F F E T T U O S O.

That strain again! — again that strain!
It had a dying, dying fall;
Oh it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour:
The sweet air breathing on the violet,
Stealing and giving odour — the sweet air
Stealing and giving odour.

SHAKESPEAR.

The reader will observe, that the repetition does not injure the sense, the words themselves are harmony, and, by the sweetness of the sound, seem particularly calculated to animate and assist musical expression; what an advantage to a composer! I will give another specimen or two of extracts from the best poets, that are peculiarly proper for this purpose, but I will not tire my reader by the repetition of the words, but leave it to his fancy to conceive how far it may be carried; for my part I think it an additional charm in the words, as well as giving scope to the genius of the composer.

S O N G II.

C H E A R F U L S T Y L E.

A L L E G R O.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluted in her song the morning grey;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 All nature laugh'd to see the joyous fight.
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the dropping flow'rs, and dries the dews.

D R Y D E N.

S O N G

S O N G III.
 P E N S I V E S T Y L E,
 ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining note,
 Time my distresses, and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast!
 Leave not thy mansion so long desolate,
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was.

SHAKESPEARE.

These instances will, I apprehend, convey a strong idea of the effect of good poetry animated by music; they will also shew that there must be harmony in the words, and that such may be chosen for this purpose, as have strength of thought, and yet sweetness, and even softness in the sound. Nothing is more grating to a nice ear, than harsh and uncouth words, uttered in musical sounds, and the softer the music, so much the stronger is the contrast.

Indulging these speculations, I have frequently composed little songs for my own amusement, in which I have endeavoured to soften the harshness of the sound which some words, in our language, give in music, without losing sight of the sense, or the subject; the reader will meet with many specimens in this collection, and he will judge whether or no I have succeeded.

I had once thoughts of trying my strength at an opera, but I was discouraged by a friend, who told me that if I should produce the most finished piece, a musical professor would always give the preference against me, to any one that would work cheaper. It should have been observed before, that in many of Handel's songs, the unity of subject which I have been speaking of is wonderfully preserved, we are surprised that a foreigner should be capable of it; but then in others of his, there is such a falling off, that it seems more like chance than design; as we cannot suppose that he was fully acquainted with the genius and powers of our language, the copiousness of

which affords the utmost scope to the judgment, in regard to admitting or rejecting of words.

And now I have brought my reader in sight of the subject of Oratorios, (though perhaps he may think by a strange round-about way) I had intended to insert two into this collection, as was mentioned in my first printed proposals, but having an offer from a composer for the finished one, I was advised by my friends to withdraw it, and to put in some other pieces to fill up the vacancy.

It must appear very strange, that a person should sit down to write an Oratorio, without being employed to do it, not that the general run of them are written, or compiled rather, in such a manner as to render it any presumption to attempt it; but because they are generally written for the use of a particular composer, and only printed to accompany the performance. It is certain that I thought myself employed, but I have since been told that I was under a mistake.

In the year 1768, when Oratorios was first performed at the Haymarket, a new one was produced called Abimelech, it was set by a young composer, of whom the public had conceived great expectations, and they were not disappointed. The music was approved, but the words were universally thought contemptible, much more so, than any that had ever been seen in public before. I have a mind to give my readers a specimen of it, as I apprehend they will hardly have patience to read it, and also because it will sufficiently acquit me of presumption, in attempting to write something better.

A I R I N A B I M I L E C H.

F O R S A R A H.

Away, away, begone; I will not hear,

How can you tempt a harmless stranger;

From such a love as thine, I'm fill'd with fear,

And dread my chastity in danger.

You've got a lovely queen.

With her you should be seen;

There ply your suit and song, inconstant ranger!

CHORUS

CHORUS IN ABIMILECH.

Obey ye brave the king's command,

And on your needful duty stand ;

With might defend the gates ye bar,

Here we are !—Here we are !

I could produce from the recitatives, many lines still more obvious to ridicule, but imagine these will answer my purpose. A friend of mine who was intimately acquainted with the composer, gave me this Drama to read, I told him I thought it was pity that so promising a genius as his friend, should not employ a writer more capable of doing justice to his talents ; I thought the finest music in the world could not exclude the idea of burlesque, from such a performance as that before me : he confessed that he had heard it condemned by many others. I then told him, that I thought myself able to do something better for him, and that if his friend accepted my offer, I would endeavour to produce an Oratorio against the following season.

Accord-

Accordingly he acquainted the composer with my intentions, and (as I understood) he accepted the offer, and I sat down to write for him. I chose the story of Ruth, as being new, and affording a good subject both to the writer and composer, but before I had finished two acts of it, a new Oratorio upon the same subject was performed for a charity. Thus was I anticipated and obliged to lay Ruth aside, as being superseded.

I desired my friend to inform the composer of what had happened, and to assure him that I would write another with the utmost expedition, he did so, and I set about it immediately, and took the subject from the story of Absalom's rebellion, the piece was begun and ended in less than six weeks, yet within that time my composer had accepted another, for which he deigned to make a slight excuse.

Though I could not be mortified by the man who accepted Abimelech, I was piqued to have thrown away my time to so little purpose; however, as mine was rejected
before

before it was seen, my pride was not injured. I showed it to several of my friends who approved it, some advised me to print it together with that of Ruth. I thought them too inconsiderable to claim the attention of the public. I looked over my poetical morsels and picked out part of the present collection, but after I had an offer for Absalom, I altered my intentions as was before related, but still my friends advised me to persevere in regard to the publication of the other pieces. I was encouraged to rely upon them to indemnify me in the undertaking, and my success has already justified the attempt. I have infinite obligations to numbers from whom I had no right to expect it, as well as from those who are more immediately my friends, who have left nothing undone to encourage and support me.

Thus have I given my readers an account of every thing relative to this publication. I have only farther to ask of them to read and judge the following pieces with the necessary allowances for the Author.

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O F

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11 7 49

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POEMS.

A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT PUTNEY IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

ILLUSIVE joys the gaudy world holds forth
 To sooth her children in her ways untry'd,
 T' entice them with a good of seeming worth,
 Then mock their pains, and all their cares deride.

Imagination warms the youthful heart,
 Prompts it to face the sun's too pow'rful rays;
 On Fancy's pinions borne, with treacherous art
 It plays awhile, and wantons in the blaze.

B

But

But ah, too soon the waxen pinions melt,
 And Icarus falls hov'ring thro' the air!
 The wiles of Folly are not known till felt,
 And Wisdom but assists us to despair.

Not wealth, nor title fill'd my idle brain,
 My soul abhor'd and shunn'd the groveling theme;
 I follow'd distant in the Muses' train,
 And sung my artless lays beside the stream.

Did I indulge, in Fancy's soft embrace,
 A wish, but Reason's dictates might approve;
 I ask'd but what from Nature I cou'd trace;
 I ask'd the joys of friendship and of love.

Alas no more for me those names survive!
 Yet from my soul they never shall be 'ras'd,
 Altho' condemn'd in solitude to live,
 No more of friendship, or of love to taste.

From a too tender heart my sorrow sprung,
 An arrow barb'd with insult enter'd deep;
 From infancy with various crosses wrung,
 Too soft to suffer, yet too proud to creep.

I woo'd not Fortune's smiles, I scorn'd her lure,
 Upon her altar not one off'ring lay;
 She vow'd my happiness shou'd ne'er endure,
 But every joy fly swifter than the day.

The laurel wreath is blasted on my brow,
 By the cold blight of disappointment chill'd,
 Disdain and Fortune have congeal'd to snow
 The ray of Genius, that my bosom fill'd.

Oh let me underneath this gloomy shade,
 My secret woes in soothing strains prolong!
 The flowing numbers swell along the glade,
 Till Thames re-echo and approve my song.

T O M Y F R I E N D M R S. —,

ON HER HOLDING AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF THE
NATURAL EQUALITY OF BOTH THE SEXES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLVI.

SILENCE best serves to disapprove
False reasoning in those we love.

Tho' t' other day I held my tongue,

I thought you greatly in the wrong;

How could you so unfairly try'd

With no one present to decide,

Argue the best, that woman can

Pretend to triumph o'er a man?

I once was half of your opinion,

But now subscribe to their dominion.

The same unchanging law that fixes,

Eternal difference of sexes,

Has

Has for the wisest ends assign'd
 Due bounds to either sex's mind.
 Your heart with argument elated,
 Thinks both were equal when created,
 And holds its own imagination,
 That all depends on cultivation :
 But to speak plainly, in reality
 I don't believe in this equality,
 But think that partial heav'n design'd,
 To them the more capacious mind ;
 And that their brains, dame Nature's college,
 Are best receptacles for knowledge.
 Lend me my friend a while your hand,
 I'll lead you over classic land,
 To hear what sages fam'd of old
 On this nice subject shall unfold.
 Thus much may serve for introduction,
 Leading to pleasure and instruction.

Not every one can write that chuses,
 But those invited by the Muses :

These are nine wit-inspiring lasses,
 Who dwell about the hill Parnassus.
 Their patron whom they serve and follow,
 A beardless youth—the Greek Apollo—
 Still lovely, active, young, and gay,
 He drives the chariot of the day,
 Teaches these girls polite behaviours,
 For which they grant him certain favours :
 (But modest ones you may be sure,
 For they are virgins chaste and pure.)
 He leads their concerts, which they fill
 With wond'rous harmony and skill ;
 For he's the prince of all musicians,
 Beside the greatest of physicians.
 He finds them music for their frolics,
 And cures their head-achs, nerves, and cholics.

FROM out the side of this fam'd mountain,
 Rises a wit-inspiring fountain ;
 Which murmurs music as it plays,
 Laurels its banks produce and bays.

Here all the scholars drink their fill,
 And then attempt to climb the hill ;
 (But first from trees the boughs they take,
 And garlands for their heads they make ;
 Whose strange effects, to us a wonder,
 Secure them from the power of thunder :)
 With pain and care they clamber up,
 And very rarely gain the top :
 But if they reach the Muses seat,
 They have assign'd them a retreat.
 Apollo's self records their name,
 And gives it to the charge of Fame ;
 Who first displays to earth and sky,
 Then folds it up and lays it by,
 In her immortal library.

Now comes our case.—The ancients tell us,
 These nymphs were always fond of fellows ;
 For by their records it is clear,
 Few women ever have been there.
 Not that it contradicts their laws,
 But they assign the following cause ;

The sacred Heliconian spring,
 Of which old poets sweetly sing :
 (Tho' modern writers only flout it,
 Alledging they can do without it)
 Produces very strange effects,
 On the weak brains of our soft sex ;
 Works worse vagaries in the fancy,
 Than Holland's gin, or royal Nancy.
 In short, to what you will compare it,
 Few women's heads have strength to bear it.
 See some with strong and lively fancies,
 Write essays, novels, and romances.
 Others by serious cares and pains,
 With politics o'erfet their brains.
 Children, some call themselves of Phœbus,
 By virtue of a pun, or rebus.
 Some much affect the strain satyric,
 And others all for panegyric.
 In all, and each of these you find,
 Strong markings of the female mind,

Still superficial, light and various ;
 Loose, unconnected, and precarious :
 Life and vivacity I grant,
 But weight and energy they want ;
 That strength that fills the manly page,
 And bids it live to future age.

Now as it oft hath been evinc'd,
 We do not love to be convinc'd ;
 So if conviction give you grief,
 Restriction may afford relief.
 Exceptions to all gen'ral rules,
 Are still'd allow'd of in the schools :
 And Phœbus's favours to the fair
 Are not impossible, tho' rare.
 In Fame's great library, we're told,
 Some female names there are enroll'd ;
 Matrons of Greece, others of Rome,
 And some, to please you, nearer home :

Moderns there are, France brags of many,

And England shews as good as any.

See our Orinda swell the page,

Carter, and Lenox grace this age ;

But leaving these consign'd to Fame,

Lusus Naturæ is their name.

As some among the men we find,

Effeminate in form and mind ;

Some women masculine are seen

In mind, behaviour, and in mien :

For Nature seldom kindly mixes,

The qualities of both the sexes.

These instances are sometimes quoted,

As owls are shown, but to be hooted.

Dare now to ope your eyes and see,

These truths exemplified in me.

What tho' while yet an infant young,

The numbers trembled on my tongue ;

As youth advanc'd, I dar'd aspire,

And trembling struck the heavenly lyre.

What by my talents have I gained ?
 By those I lov'd to be disdain'd,
 By some despis'd, by others fear'd,
 Envy'd by fools, by witlings jeer'd.
 See what success my labours crown'd,
 By birds and beasts alike disown'd.
 Those talents that were once my pride,
 I find it requisite to hide ;
 For what in man is most respected,
 In woman's form shall be rejected.
 Thus have I prov'd to demonstration,
 The fallacy of your oration.
 (You need not let the fellows know it,
 They'll praise the wit, but damn the poet.)
 This point illustrated, my friend,
 Brings my long story to its end.
 When you have read it o'er at leisure,
 Keep it—or burn it—at your pleasure.

E P I G R A M*.

WITH what glory assemble, what spirit advance
 The militia of S——k, the terror of France!
 In their new regimentals they strut and they bluster,
 In another three years we shall see how they muster.
 Do not think I intend to excite you to laughter,
 For a wise man, who knows what will happen hereafter,
 Foreseeing their actions, so many, so glorious,
 Is now planting laurels to crown them victorious.

* In the year 1758, a gentleman known to all his friends by the epithet of the prophet, was planting a garden, and wrote to a friend to send him all the different kind of laurels; he received upwards of thirty sorts, which occasioned the above.

FROM

FROM A GENTLEMAN OF DISTINCTION TO
THE AUTHOR, AS A COMPLIMENT ON THE
FOREGOING EPIGRAM.

'T I S said that Apollo, perusing these lines,
Began all his ensigns to brandish;
He then on his side in a rapture reclines,
And calls for his paper and standish.

S—k chiefs said the God for their laurels must wait,
Nor till they receive them can thank her;
But a quicker reward shall from me be her fate,
Then pausing he drew on his banker.

Messieurs Profit and Co.—after date seven days,
Pay to Sappho, or order as follow,
For value receiv'd, a crown of fresh bays,
And account for't to me

G. APOLLO.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

I CRY'D to Phœbus in despair,
Oh hear this once thy suppliant's prayer,

And grant the boon I crave!

Since nought but Envy or Disdain,

Repay thy childrens care and pain,

Resume the gift you gave!

“ What tho' while yet an infant young,

“ Thy numbers trembled on my tongue;

No greater joys I found:

Thy chosen sons I learn'd to praise,

My heart retain'd thy fav'rite lays,

And eccho'd back the sound!

To thee my riper years devote,
 I thought and studied, said and wrote,
 But as thou deign'd inspire!
 I shunn'd the servile beaten road,
 The false applause by fools bestow'd,
 For coxcombs to admire.

For thee ought else did I despise,
 And thought thy dictates only wise,
 Thy accents only sweet!
 E'en Fortune's charms to me were none,
 I shunn'd her smiles, despis'd her frown,
 Nor flatter'd rich or great.

By Fortune's wiles distress'd and crost,
 In life's tempestuous ocean tost,
 To gloomy thoughts a slave;
 Poetic hopes no longer live,
 No joy the once lov'd visions give,
 Resume the gift you gave!

Despair not yet the God reply'd
 Thy future hopes to me confide,
 And wait the Fates' decree,
 A son of mine, well known to Fame,
 E'er long shall celebrate thy name,
 And give the Bays to thee.

A N A C R O S T I C,

T O M I S S B A R B A R A ———.

H O W E V E R gain inspires venal lays,
 E ach honest heart a genuine tribute pays,
 R ehearſes praise to merit only due,
 B eheld, acknowleg'd, and admir'd in you.
 E ſteem and friendship all our ſex ſhall pay,
 R eſpect and love, o'er man confeſs your ſway,
 T ime's register ſhall your fair name diſplay.

A N E P I T H A L A M I U M

WHILE ardent wishes from the temple rise,
 And bring down all the blessings of the skies ;
 A muse conceal'd, who mingled in the throng,
 Thus paid the tribute of a nuptial song.
 Hither ye loves ! ye graces here repair !
 And shed your influence on this charming pair !
 From vulgar sight be all your forms conceal'd,
 And to the Poet's eye alone reveal'd.
 Plutus to all apparent stands confess'd,
 With vanity in tawdry gauzes dress'd ;
 They stand conspicuous at the altars side,
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one hail'd the bride.
 Merchant rejoice ! Hymen provides for thee,
 Thy utmost wish, a bride of quality !
 Oh happy maid, thou shalt not sigh in vain,
 For that which riches always can obtain !

Hail

Hail happy pair, may your true joys be crown'd,
With times fair blossoms, shedding sweets around !
And may your bright posterity inherit,
Their mother's beauty, father's noble spirit !
For thee oh doth the muse foresee,
A glorious fortune in the fates decree ;
If nought to blast my full-blown hopes befall,
Thy grandsons shall be dukes of ——— hall.

A S O N G.

YE shepherds pay your duty,
 The sweetest flow'rets bring ;
 A tribute to her beauty,
 The product of the spring :
 But tell her while she views them,
 And smells each fragrant flow'r ;
 The hand of Time pursues them,
 Their spring returns no more.

INSCRIPTIONS UNDER SOME DRAWINGS OF
ANTIQUE VASES.

I.

V A S A A R E T I N A.

A R E T I N A nimis ne spernas vasa monemus,
Lautus erat Tusci Porfena fictilibus.

M A R T I A L.

II.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

Let none despise the Tuscan vase too much,
Porfenna was magnificent in such.

III.

Behold of ancient times these choice remains,
A mighty king's magnificence displays !
While thou enjoy'st thine Indian porcelain,
Let me admire the rude Etruscan vase.

IV.

IV.

Retriev'd from ancient Nola's grave I come,
Nola, renown'd long e'er the birth of Rome!

V.

Though rude my figures, tho' uncouth my shape,
I once contain'd Etruria's choicest grape;
Enjoy'd with festive wreaths, in rude abodes,
By once our country's kings, now demi-gods.

VI.

Modern, thou laugh'ft at this antique design!
Pursue thy trifles, and indulge me mine.

A CHARACTER.

A C H A R A C T E R.

A Quaker's stiffness, with a tradesman's grin ;
 A jesuit's conscience, with an open mein ;
 A sailor's breeding, with a courtier's art ;
 A zealot's fury, with an atheist's heart ;
 These are thy honours !—Not thy wild expence,
 Fed and supported by the public pence,
 Pour'd forth in awkward, splendid, motly treats,
 Where dirt with cleanness, want with fulness meets.
 Devour'd by hungry parsons, fots, and fools,
 All well-pick'd, servile, suppliant, fawning tools ;
 Who with dull flatt'ry, and admiring eyes,
 Applaud thy bawdy, blasphemy, and lies.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF ERSE POETRY,
PUBLISHED IN MDCCLIX.

FRAGMENT V. VERSIFIED.

AUTUMN's grey mists upon the hills are spread,
The dreadful whirlwind whistles round my head.
Dark thro' their narrow channels o'er the plain,
Roll the fierce billows to the distant main.
One only tree on the dark heath is seen,
Whose dusky leaves disclose a baleful green :
Scatter'd they fall, o'er Connals grave they spread,
And mark the spot, as sacred to the dead ;
His awful ghost here walks its nightly round,
When slowly stalks the hunter o'er the ground.
Who can, oh Connal, reach thy mighty race!
Or who the glory of thy fathers trace !
Like the huge oak its tow'ring branches spread,
Which rears against the wind its lofty head.

By

By enormous storms up-torn its place is void,
 By whom shall Connal's station be supply'd !
 This desert plain, the seat of dire alarms,
 Resounded with the din of heroes arms ;
 Here Connal fell extended on the ground,
 His dying groans the distant plains resound.
 Thy arm was like a storm, when rais'd on high,
 Thy sword a ray that glitter'd in the sky ;
 Thy stature like a rock, rose o'er the plain ;
 Thy sounding voice was heard beyond the main ;
 Like flames of fire thy piercing glances shone,
 Where'er thou trod'st, the war was all thy own ;
 Thy sword resistless, made whole armies yield,
 As children crop the thistles of the field ;
 Thy foe, the mighty Dargo, strode the ground,
 His steps were as the dreadful thunders sound ;
 Dire terror sat on his contracted brow,
 As when two storms encounter was the show !
 Their beamy swords portending blazes yield,
 And the harsh clang of weapons shakes the field.

The generous maid who Connal's love possess'd
 Was near, like men in shining armour dress'd,
 To aid her hero to the field she came,
 Daughter of Rinval, Crimora her name.

“ Her hand sustain'd the bow, her hair behind

“ Dishevell'd flew, in tresses unconfin'd.”

She saw, she fear'd, she instant drew the dart,
 But miss'd the foe, and pierc'd her lover's heart.
 He faints! he falls! like some tall oak up-torn,
 Or mountain from its ancient summit born;
 Hills, dales, and woods, re-eccho to her cries,
 The youth belov'd, her Connal bleeds! he dies!
 Each day she wept, and each succeeding night
 Veil'd the sad mourner till returning light.
 She griev'd, till wearied life attain'd its end,
 Connal her love, her hero, and her friend.
 This sacred earth encloseth the remains,
 Of those the loveliest pair that grac'd the plains.
 Leaving the world, I seek the mournful shade,
 Here does their memory my soul invade.

Loud sighs the wind, the dropping rains descend,
Indulge my sorrows, and my woes befriend.
Here undisturb'd rest in the mountain's womb,
Green be the shade that marks your horrid tomb.

A SOLILOQUY ON A GRASS-PLAT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLVIII.

LOVELIEST of colours bright and fair!
 Emblem of hope, and of despair:

Thou giv'st to ev'ry sense delight,

Thy ray assists the weaken'd fight;

And Flora's self to thee must owe,

The richest grace she can bestow.

The shade reflected from the leaves,

To ev'ry flow'r new lustre gives.

Oh favourite colour, to my heart,

Thy brightest ray of hope impart!

Thy name adorns the brightest swain,

That ever trod the neighb'ring plain;

Whose aspect gives to all delight,

And cheers the soul, as thou the sight.

There

There beauty fits, adorn'd with grace,
There ev'ry virtue we can trace ;
Happy all those whom approves,
O more than happy whom he loves.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

I OWN my fault my worthy friend,
 And will this moment strive to mend :
 Thou say'st that I shou'd write the news,
 Of plays and op'ras, balls and shews,
 Of fortune losers, fortune getters,
 But chiefly from the world of letters.
 I know thy taste, I ken aright,
 To know what modern authors write ;
 And guess from what applause is shown,
 What hope remaineth for thy own.
 Full often I frequent the stage,
 To see the produce of this age,
 And to say truth, find nothing there,
 To make a young adept despair,
 Except the monarch m——r.

}
 }
 }
 Full

Full oft at shop, or stall, I stand,
 The doubtful volume in my hand,
 And list to what the wise ones say,
 Whose work shall live a week, or day :
 I hear and learn at their expence,
 Fathom their wit, and save my pence.
 Some authors hath this year brought forth,
 Of highest fame and passing worth,
 Tristram like Maddox, mounteth high,
 Now seems to creep and then to fly ;
 Now here, now there, we see him sprawl,
 And suffer pain lest he shou'd fall ;
 Me-seemeth that his loose-spun papers,
 Resemble Sancho's blanket capers.
 Next Hubert comes in solemn state,
 With measur'd step, and princely gait.
 Speaketh of great and mighty things,
 Nor praiseth priests, nor popes, nor kings :
 To injure either I'd be loth,
 Don't grudge the money — buy them both.

You think perhaps you cannot spare it :
 We'll make them pay us, never fear it.
 Go make a gentle charcoal fire,
 Let it not blaze, nor yet expire ;
 Next steep your papers in good ale,
 Of this year's brewing—not too stale ;
 Then set your still at work with care,
 Preserve the droppings stop'd from air :
 Each morning fasting snuff them up,
 Be careful not to lose a drop.
 Then write away, no longer fear,
 Thy . . . shall do next year ;
 From wit thus blent, a pile shall rise,
 Its centre earth, its crown the skies.

A S O N G.

SUCH were not fair Adonis' charms,
 When Venus woo'd him to her arms ;
 Nor such Narcissus' modest grace,
 Who lov'd his own enchanting face :

These tales of love,

No more shall move ;

Be to the wind

Their names consign'd,

For they were coy, but Lycidas is kind.

THE PARROTS TO JACONETTA.

AN ancient Greek poet, Simonides nam'd,
 Who for wit, and for wisdom, was equally fam'd;
 Invented a fable to better our sex,
 The good to admonish, the evil to vex.
 Where to various creatures he women compar'd,
 And their different qualities flily declar'd.
 To birds, beasts, and insects, that lurk in the grass,
 To an ant, to a bee, to an ape, to an ass;
 But I think in his list he a parrot omitted,
 And no character there, is more happily fitted;
 For wherever you go they so greatly abound,
 That in ev'ry place there may plenty be found.
 The parrot has nothing that's truly its own,
 But borrows from all that it ever has known.
 And first the green parrot that's stately and proud,
 So pert and so empty, loquacious and loud.

This

This parrot believes it incumbent upon her,
 To possess all the talents that do others honour :
 Do you write, do you paint, do you sing, do you play ?
 It will always excel you the very same way.
 But it means nothing more, let it chatter or squall,
 Than to flutter, and sputter, and cry pretty Poll.
 The next kind of parrot I think worthy mention,
 Is a bird that possesses no sort of invention :
 But its want of ideas it often conceals,
 By following others quite close at the heels.
 Do you tell an adventure, or spin out a story ?
 It will lay such another directly before ye ;
 With ev'ry thought and expression in store,
 That it heard you deliver the moment before ;
 But let not this bird be despis'd, or neglected,
 For the trips that it makes, by itself are detected.
 But here comes a parrot more bold and presuming,
 Who your wit, and your memory fears not assuming.
 But the style and the manner will always be known,
 Tho' it gives them verbatim, and swears 'tis its own.

Another more harmless no meaning affords,
 Like an eccho it only repeats your last words.
 A diff'rent kind are much giv'n to writing,
 But are wofully puzzled about their inditing ;
 So they borrow and wire-draw, and alter, and spoil,
 To spin out a letter in Grandison's stile ;
 While all the result from their labours we find,
 Is that thoughts are but shadows, and words are but wind.
 Oh had I hundred of Pollaver's tongues,
 Tom Stentor's loud voice, lady Rantipole's lungs !
 Yet I ne'er cou'd go thro' the whole talkative tribe,
 Nor each species of mimickry fully describe.
 But avoiding the errors of these wretched elves,
 Let us think, let us speak, let us act for ourselves.
 If this whimsical trifle shou'd move you to laughter,
 You may draw me some outlines to fill up hereafter ;
 Now to sense, now to nonsense, to prose and verse leaning,
 I leave you by my gaping to guess at my meaning.

PARAPHRASE OF A GERMAN SONG.

DORINDA early blooming,
Beyond her years assuming,

My reason's power disarms ;
My downcast looks discover,
Too ill conceal'd a lover,
Yet her neglect has charms.

The charmer fees me languish,
Regardless of my anguish,
Unheeding hears me sigh ;
My heart in silence bleeding,
With doubts and fears succeeding,
Compels me speak or die.

Oh Cupid aid a lover,
His passion to discover ;

Her

Her heart to me incline !
With softest accents charm her,
With truest passion warm her,
And fix her ever mine.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY THAT NEVER
WAS ACTED.

WHICH REMAINS UNACKNOWLEDGED, AND UNANSWERED,
IN THE HANDS OF A CERTAIN M——R.

TO speak bold truths, to lash a vicious age,
Was once esteem'd, the province of the stage.
Bright in her native charms fair virtue shone,
And vice was strip'd of beauties not her own.
Young poets who propos'd this noble end,
Made ev'ry wise and honest heart their friend;
And tim'rous merit, cherish'd with applause,
Became assur'd, and fought in honour's cause.
Candor sat judge, she ponder'd o'er the lays,
Dispens'd her censures, or bestow'd her praise:
Too long, alas! Caprice assum'd her name,
Damn'd young desert, and blasted infant fame!
Ye wits, lay pride and prejudice aside,
And let fair truth, and candor be your guide!

An unknown author's damning shou'd be fear'd,
 Our Addison was once condemn'd unheard.
 From a young Poet's brain this offspring hurl'd,
 Now stands the scorn, or pity of the world.
 The parent dares not yet presume to own,
 The doubtful features of this first-born son.
 If your unbias'd hearts bestow a name,
 He'll place it boldly in the list of Fame;
 He'll promise ever to remain your debtor,
 And if encourag'd now may please you better.
 To the first laurels his bold heart aspires,
 For Phœbus genuine ray his bosom fires.
 Uphill he pants, his speed outstrips the wind,
 Nor fears he ought but to be left behind.
 To canvass for your favor he disdains,
 His honest muse no servile flatt'ry stains;
 From Nature's ample field those flow'rs he brought,
 For ornament and use a garland wrought.
 To Nature's friends he pleads his cause as fit,
 Merits true patrons, arbiters of wit.

AN ODE TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BENEATH the shade of the Aonian grove,
 Where beauteous flow'rs immortal grow ;
 With careful hand a wreath I wove :

Intended to adorn young Cæsar's brow :
 And consecrate to the third George's name,
 Oh ever dear to Britain, dear to Fame !

The muse's piercing eye boldly explores,
 All that or heav'n or earth contains ;
 Searches thro' Nature's richest stores,
 And all her glorious attributes explains :
 But to the highest pitch extends her sight,
 When Virtue's pow'rs exalt her daring flight.

Come thou who courtly Horace' bosom fir'd,
 When his Augustus' praise he sung!
 Who Prior and Addison inspir'd,
 When to Nassau, high prais'd the lyre they strung!
 Give me to dignify my prince's name,
 With milder virtues, and far sweeter fame!

Teach me to sing the virtues of his youth,
 The dawning of the brighter day,
 His filial duty, love of truth,
 Benevolence and piety display:
 His heart enlarg'd, his comprehensive mind,
 Whose love extends to the whole human kind!

Britannia wipes her pious tears away,
 Her grateful voice is heard to heav'n;
 She tells aloud her promis'd joys;
 How sweet, how fair a hope to her is giv'n:
 Faction is dead; her form no more shall rise,
 But prayers and love united pierce the skies!

When

When with success thy virtuous toils are crown'd,
 And peace shall bless thy native land;
 Then shall thy gen'rous cares be own'd,
 And Britain bless thy gentle, healing hand:
 This glorious task propitious heav'n assign'd,
 To thee, the best and fairest of mankind!

When Gallia's vaunts shall be no more,
 When we the olive wreath shall boast;
 The promis'd harvest shall be o'er,
 And all our hopes in certainty be lost;
 Then shall the raptur'd bard in nobler lays,
 Sing Britain's happiness, and George's praise.

A S O N G,

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE lives a shepherd in the vale,
Tender, constant, and sincere ;

Who dares not tell his tender tale,

Lest he offend his charmer's ear :

I cannot, dare not tell his name,

But say, cou'd you his passion blame ?

His heart enshrines the cruel fair,

Of all his thoughts the constant theme ;

Her lov'd idea fixes there,

His daily muse, his nightly dream ;

I cannot, dare not tell his name,

But say, cou'd you his passion blame ?

When

When in her presence he appears,
 He veils the secrets of his eyes ;
 More deep respect his passion wears,
 Than even she can scarce surmise :
 I cannot dare not tell his name,
 But say, cou'd you his passion blame ?

Ah, shou'd his love itself betray,
 And her austerity offend !
 Her cruelty wou'd drive away,
 At once the lover, and the friend :
 I cannot, dare not tell his name,
 But say, coud you his passion blame ?

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE FOUND
WRITTEN IN A BOOK WHICH THE AUTHOR
BOUGHT, AND THEY WERE THOUGHT
WORTH PRESERVING.

'T IS a violent storm, for the pilot despairs,
The failor leaves swearing, and falls to his pray'rs.
A white-liver'd fellow we hated and curst,
Wou'd fain know which end of the ship wou'd sink first:
The stern, says the pilot, will soonest go down;
Nay then, says old Envy, the day is my own!
For just at the stern, sits an old friend of mine,
Whom I very much long to see pickled in brine.
Oh ye gods I for no other favour implore ye!
But grant he may drink the salt water before me!

ANONYMOUS.

TO

TO THE EVER RESPECTED MEMORY OF
LADY B———N.

WRITTEN AUGUST XXI MDCCLXV.

LET C——r her ornament deplore,
The great, the good Lucinda is no more!
True honour weeps o'er this beloved name,
Dear to mankind, to virtue, and to fame.
Friendship inspires the lay, love void of art,
And sorrow speaks the language of the heart.
Sincerity in native lustre bright,
Whose thoughts, words, actions, dare the strongest light.
Flatt'ry give place! and be the notes I raise,
Plain as the virtues I aspire to praise!
Of noble birth, but of far nobler mind,
She breath'd benevolence to all mankind.
With wisdom, truth, integrity, endued,
With honour, candor, patience, fortitude.

Where

Where shall I most her nobleness commend,
 As wife, as parent, mistress, or as friend?
 Upright herself, wou'd human faults conceal,
 And o'er each blemish throw compassion's veil.
 Patron of worth distress'd, friend of the poor,
 Honour'd in youth, in age respected more.
 Tho' seventy years on earth her virtues shone,
 For her afflicted friends, she died too soon.
 Let me that honour claim; oh ever dear!
 And may I late attain that glorious sphere,
 Where thy pure soul with sacred converse blest,
 Unfading honours shares, eternal rest!
 Bold wish, for virtues passive at the best!
 Whilst her's like purest gold have stood the test;
 The hardest trials nature cou'd sustain,
 The stings of grief, of fortune, and of pain.
 Brightest her lustre shone when sharpest try'd,
 Cheerful she liv'd, and unrepining died.
 Oh be a death like her's my daily pray'r!
 And may my latter end her blessings share!

TO A COQUET, DISAPPOINTED OF A PARTY
OF PLEASURE.

NO more of grief Flirtilla speak,
Nor heave another sigh;

Drive not the roses from thy cheek,

Nor dimn that sparkling eye:

Tho' Phœbus shine not ev'ry day,

He grows more precious by delay.

By fashion form'd with nicest care,

Thy well-chos'n dress is laid;

That studied negligence of air,

Thy purpose has betray'd.

Thy heart repines to lose a day,

And burns impatient of delay.

Ah rather strive to gain those charms,

Not to a day confin'd !

To beauty's power, add stronger arms,

And decorate thy mind :

Esteem not wholly lost this day,

But gain reflection from delay.

Let modesty take place of pride,

Simplicity of art ;

Reason o'er vanity preside,

And virtue clothe thy heart :

Thus dress'd thou shalt some future day,

Conquer like Fabius by delay.

A S O N G.

O H Cynthia, radiant queen of night,
 And all the glitt'ring orbs of light !
 To you, and to the gentle air,
 I sigh my love, and my despair !
 Witness, I leave the world to dwell,
 Beside the tomb of Astrophel !

Witness against me when I move,
 From these, the dear remains of love !
 If e'er I lend a willing ear,
 A second tale of love to hear ;
 Transfix me by some horrid spell,
 Beside the tomb of Astrophel.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED,
WHICH BEGINS "CE QUE JE DIS
"EST LA VERITE MEME."

SHALL I all the truth discover,
But too soft a heart betray?

Whilst I cure a jealous lover,
And his rival's arts betray.

All his gifts, his boasted treasure,
Have no value in my eyes;
Give disgust instead of pleasure,
Sordid greatness I despise.

All the Indies, wealth possessing,
Can to me no joys impart;
'Tis the hand that gives the blessing,
Stamps its value on the heart.

From

From thy hnd a simple flow'r,
 Cull'd from Nature's various hoard ;
 Can a charm of sovereign pow'r,
 To revive my heart afford.

Thy least gifts afford a pleasure,
 Nought their value can improve ;
 But the best, the dearest treasure,
 Is the heart of him I love.

A SEASONABLE ADMONITION.

YE youth who oft frequent the sacred place,
 Where the most awful name of God resides !
 Come ye to ask for fresh supplies of grace,
 To guide your steps where good or ill betides ?

Or come ye rather to be entertain'd,
 To tell your tales, your pleasures, your alarms ;
 To reckon o'er the conquests ye have gain'd,
 Or join to travesty good David's psalms ?

Oh careless youth, unsettled, heedless state,
 Source of our dearest joys, our deepest woes !
 On thee unseen a thousand dangers wait,
 From thee, misus'd, the sigh of conscience flows !

Elate with thee the joyful spirits rise,
 And sprightly dance within life's brittle mounds ;
 Mingle in pleasures cup with glad surprise,
 Nor fear to overleap prescribed bounds.

Proceed, let ev'ry path be strew'd with flow'rs !
 Stern Reason hence ! let passion take the rein !
 Stifle grave thoughts, enjoy the smiling hours,
 And scoff at age, infirmities, and pain !

Heed not Religion with her solemn face ;
 Her serious glance, thy pointed wit destroys ;
 'Tis time enough to join her grave grimace,
 Let not the prude deprive thee of thy joys !

Proceed, apace the circling hours roll round,
 Too soon shalt thou their speedy flight deplore ;
 What bring'st thou to support the heavy sound,
 Youth, sportive wit, and pleasures are no more ?

Know'st

Know'st thou fond youth who gave this fleeting bliss?

Youth, spirit, strength, and time to misemploy?

These precious gifts abus'd, are only his,

Who gave thee all things richly to enjoy.

Art thou secure from sorrow's secret sting?

May not misfortunes on thy steps attend?

Some fated hour may bring them on its wing,

Clad in the form of lover, brother, friend.

Will wanton mirth draw forth the sting of woe?

Can vain sarcastic wit relieve the smart?

The balm of comfort shall these friends bestow,

Or aggravate the anguish of thy heart?

Who then shall shield thee in that gloomy hour,

With tender pity on thy steps attend?

Ah, who? but he who made thee by his power!

Hear this, ye careless, and make God your friend.

Thrice

Thrice happy they whose hope is plac'd on high !
 They shall be honour'd in their maker's fight ;
 But they who lightly serve his majesty,
 Shall in his ballance be esteemed light.

Oh friends the awful hour will soon arrive,
 When ev'ry idle thought shall distant fly !
 Let us look up to him by whom we live,
 And ask his aid to teach us how to die !

Think not God's service shall abate thy joy,
 Thy joys shall live, thy soul's best hopes increase :
 Oh let his praise, thy choicest hours employ,
 Acquaint thyself with him and be at peace !

A NEW CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM out the croud of vanity and noise,
 Compos'd of giggling girls, and wanton boys :
 Clodio withdrew his Laura, and apart,
 Thus spoke the dictates of an anxious heart.

A I R.

Wou'd you wish to keep your lover,
 Lay these wanton airs aside ;
 Do not all your charms discover,
 Let discretion be your guide.

When the object is deserving,
 And your heart declares for one ;
 All your charms for him reserving,
 Show the rest he reigns alone.

Smiles and looks to all imparted,

Have no value, no regard,

But to be by all deserted,

Is the vain Coquette's reward.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Laura, who scarce her passion cou'd constrain,

Laugh'd at his lesson—paus'd—and laugh'd again ;]

Contempt and scorn, sat obvious on her face,

Pointed each glance, yet heighten'd every grace ;

Provokingly she smil'd, and—stay she cry'd,

And hear my answer to thy spleen and pride !

A I R.

When men like you pretend to preach,

And dare their musty morals teach ;

'Tis fit their wisdom we defy,

And thus “ in equal strains reply.”

Did men of fashion live by rule,
 And act by laws from wisdom's school ;
 We'd take the sober air with ease,
 From you we learn the ways to please.

When all that's serious you despise,
 And laugh to scorn the grave and wise ;
 We learn the secret to subdue,
 And captivate such fops as you.

'Tis levity's your pride and boast,
 And wanton airs attract you most ;
 And she that wou'd successful prove,
 Must act the character you love.

ON THE MONTH OF MAY.

YOU ask me why the lovely May,
 The favourite theme of many a lay ;
 Remains unfung so long ?

Ah when I think what notes were fung,
 How oft for this the lyre was strung,
 How exquisite the song !

Far distant in the tuneful train,
 Reluctantly I raise the strain,
 And trembling touch the lyre ;
 Yet friendship calls, and I obey,
 Astella claims the tribute lay,
 She shall the song inspire.

She tastes the sweets of Maia's charms,
 Her bosom beats with soft alarms ;

She

She seeks the verdant grove :
 Beholds the winged songsters fly,
 Raptur'd attends their melody,
 And hears the tale of love.

Beware, ah lovely friend beware !
 The winged archer sets the snare ;
 He does the song inspire :
 Lurking unseen, he takes his aim,
 From either sex his tribute claim,
 And kindles young desire.

The youth may boldly tell his pain,
 His love's reward ask and obtain ;
 Tho' his the stronger mind :
 While the poor maid who feels the dart,
 In secret must conceal the smart,
 Such is her task assign'd.

She

She must suppress the rising flame,
Consult with honour, prudence, shame,

And silently endure :

Must banish hope, despair relief,

And patiently sustain the grief,

That heav'n alone can cure.

Such are the rights men o'er us claim,

Honour in them, in us is shame ;

The bounds of both they fix :

Yet, (in this age at least) how few :

Afford the just protection due,

To our defenceless sex !

Our May of life is quickly o'er,

The spring of youth returns no more ;

No more its sweets renew :

Let us e'er yet the goodly prime,

Is wither'd by the hand of time,

Our solid good pursue !

Spring not the branches from the root,
Will Folly's plant bear Wisdom's fruit :

Or youth's fair hope fulfil ?

With steady hand thy passions rein,

Follow in Virtue's sober train,

And mount her sacred hill.

She shall from ev'ry woe defend,

Thro' ev'ry path thy steps attend ;

And pluck the sting from age :

Life's winter, with its joyless train

Of cares, infirmities and pain,

Mortality's last stage !

Let us indulge the moral lay,

And yet enjoy the chearful May ;

With reason for our guide !

Her beaut'ous products varied hues ;

Her evening walks, her morning dews,

Her thousand sweets beside !

Hark,

Hark, hark, I hear the cuckoo sing,
And ascertain the joyous spring!

He says, or seems to say,
Ye youth who stray within the grove,
Oh guard against the wiles of love,
Beware the ides of May!

ON THE DEATH OF CHURCHILL,

IN IMITATION OF HIS STILE.

CHURCHILL is dead, his laurel'd head laid low,
His darts unpointed, and unbent his bow.

Who shall assay that wond'rous bow to bend,

Or who those feather'd weapons aim to send?

Satire now sleeps till the true heir appears,

And the tough bow with equal arm uprears.

As that which erst the great Ulysses own'd,

None but Telemachus to bend was found.

This fated bow is heav'n's own gift, design'd

To scourge and shame degenerate mankind.

From age to age these pointed darts were sent,

By him whom heav'n ordain'd its instrument.

Such was the man whose loss Britannia mourns,

And ev'ry honest breast the sigh returns.

Now

Now Vice and Folly undisturb'd shall rest,
 Nor Fear, nor Shame, harrow the guilty breast;
 Vice uncontroul'd now tramples o'er the land,
 And Folly rears her scepter of command;
 Jointly they vow each other to sustain,
 And o'er the guilty land triumphant reign.
 Lo Impudence, with Faction by his side,
 Offspring of Vice, o'er her bold troops preside!
 In solemn league the shameless bands unite,
 To put fair Virtue's modest sons to flight.
 The rest shall yield to Folly's gentle sway,
 And to her daughter Fashion tribute pay.
 She holds a flatt'ring mirror in one hand,
 The other waves a potent magic wand;
 Before the glass her harlot form she bends,
 Alters eternally, but never mends.
 " She from the virgin's cheek the rose shall tear
 " Of modesty, and plant a blister there.
 The patron of translating authors she,
 Who polish wit to insipidity;

Or in French frippery display their own,
 And dare aver, Genius from hence is flown;
 Peace to your works, and everlasting rest!
 Blest in your labours, in your mind too blest:
 The soft Saturnian age by Pope foretold,
 Repays your toils, and turns your lead to gold.
 Oh cou'd I this degen'rate age rehearse,
 In Pope's keen lays, or Churchill's manly verse!
 Then shou'd my arm the pond'rous bow sustain,
 And not one pointed shaft shou'd fly in vain.

THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE,

A R H A P S O D Y.

SPIRIT of Shakespeare!—who didst alone ascend
 The highest heaven of invention;
 And broughtest thence a ray of sacred fire,
 With which impregnated thy fancy wrought.
 And as thy mental eye beheld ideas,
 Thy bold imagination bodied forth
 The forms of things unknown, and gave to nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Oh next to Homer, and like him inspir'd,
 By Nature only, or by Nature's Lord,
 What thoughts, what words can justly speak thy praise?
 Such as are drawn from thy own sacred works,
 Can best describe thy genius and thy soul!
 Tho' time hath drawn tints of obscurity

That

That flighty veil, they cannot hide thy lustre,
 Thy perspicuity is all thy own.
 Lo where the best of thy cotemporaries,
 Ask rather a translation than a comment !
 And when with thee compar'd, how dim, how faint,
 Obscur'd with smog of time and pedantry,
 E'en learned Johnson seems a pedagogue,
 Concealing poverty of wit and genius
 In sounding words and phrases of the schools.
 Hail greatest master of the English tongue !
 Thou mad'st the language bend beneath thy strength,
 Proud to express thy vast conceptions !
 Oh strength and pillar of our theatre !
 If yet thy spirit hover o'er the land,
 Refin'd to a pure intelligence ;
 Give to this spiritless, exhausted age,
 One ray of thine originality.
 Lo where the genius of the modern stage,
 Disclaiming inborn strength, and native fire ;
 Stiffen'd in buckram and adorn'd with lace,

In foreign frippery, with mincing step,
 Translates and imitates from him of France,
 To strengthen and uphold his theatre.
 Sometimes thy honour'd name proclaims a feast,
 But few can relish or digest its strength,
 The weak, enervate, senseless multitude,
 Forsake the wholesome food, and "prey on garbage."
 The native genius of our mother tongue,
 Is strength of thought, and closeness of expression.
 But foreign ornaments, and false refinements,
 Corrupt the strength and vigour of our language,
 And polish sense to insipidity.
 Oh for that great, that comprehensive stile,
 Which much express'd, and yet much more imply'd!
 Where is it to be found but in thy works,
 And those who write from Nature's source like thee?
 And yet some minds of ancient breed and strength,
 Dare to disdain the fopperies of fashion,
 And hang enraptur'd o'er thy sacred page.
 If I forget thee, or forego thy praise,

Then

Then let the ray of genius be extinct,
Which warms my bosom when I scan thy thoughts ;
And sends a faint, reflected copy back,
The image of a strong impression !
No, I will study thy immortal works,
Till I transcribe from Nature and from thee,
A work of fancy that the world shall own,
True offspring of the great original.

THE PRAISE OF DRYDEN.

HAIL Dryden, polisher of English verse,
 Let me in flowing lines thy praise rehearse;
 May strength and sweetness mingle in the lays,
 That strive thy perfect eloquence to praise!
 Nor yet from errors clear, nor free from blame,
 "Great are thy faults, but glorious is thy flame.
 Thou took'st the rugged ore from the rich mine,
 In fancy's glowing furnace to refine.
 Forth came a structure glorious to the sight,
 Where Nature's charms, with rules of art unite;
 "Firm Doric pillars found the solid base,
 "The gay Corinthian holds the middle place;
 "And all below is strength, and all above is grace.
 Oh cou'd I thus, thy various works explore,
 And purge the rubbish, from the shining ore!

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM KILBURN, ESQ.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXIX.

YE who with social talents blest,
 (By all esteem'd, by few possess,)
 Know every feature to unbend,
 And heartfelt mirth around extend;
 Drive melancholy's mist away,
 And be like sunshine to the day.
 Now bring your cypress wreaths, and mourn
 Over lamented Kilburn's urn.
 For who like him possess the power
 "To brighten every darksome hour,"
 The rigid brow of care beguile,
 And gild the face with chearful smile?
 Cold is that heart, and still that tongue,
 On which contending clients hung.

While

While e'en his rival wranglers mourn
 The spirit that shall ne'er return.
 Weave ye the wreath to crown his hearse,
 Whilst o'er his tomb I hang this verse;
 The tribute of an honest heart,
 As free from flatt'ry, as from art.
 Enroll'd with honour be thy name,
 Sweet is the breath of virtue's fame!
 Pleasant shall thy remembrance be,
 To all that love society;
 And ever shall thy image rest,
 Enshrin'd in ev'ry worthy breast.

A P I C T U R E ,

BY ANOTHER HAND.

NO vain fantastic ornament she wore,
 Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
 Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast,
 Which others studied beauty far surpass'd.
 Her eye serene, yet darting heav'nly fire,
 Did gen'rous love, and sacred awe inspire;
 Each feature pleas'd, their harmony express'd,
 The settled peace that dwelt within her breast;
 August she stood, yet modest was her air,
 Majestically mild, and amiably severe.

T R U E H A P P I N E S S ,

B Y A N O T H E R H A N D .

L O N G have I fought, the wish of all,
 True happiness to find ;

Which some will wealth, some pleasure call,
 And some a virtuous mind.

Sufficient wealth to keep away,
 Of want the doleful scene ;
 And joy enough to gild the day,
 And make life's course serene.

Virtue enough to ask the heart,
 Art thou secure within ?
 Hast thou perform'd an honest part ?
 Hast thou no private sin ?

This

This to perform, these things possess,
Must raise a noble joy ;
And constitute that happiness,
Which nothing can destroy.

THE CRITICAL TALE.

TO MR. T — R —

HOW dubious is the fame of those,
 Who write in verse, or write in prose !
 Flatter'd by hope, restrain'd by fear,
 By fate impell'd to persevere.
 When in the world their works they venture,
 Expos'd to ev'ry blockheads censure ;
 The fop, who ne'er knew how to think,
 Can loll the tongue, or tip the wink.
 The solemn coxcomb, seeming wise,
 Shall all pretence to wit despise.
 The critics, once a sep'rate kind,
 Are now within no bounds confin'd,
 For in this age of wit and learning,
 All have the talent of discerning ;

All

All can discuss an author's merit,
 And prove his strength, and scan his spirit ;
 While each a hand will kindly lend,
 His worst to lash, his best to mend.
 This truth to thee, 'dear Tom, I tell,
 'Tis of importance, mark it well :
 As introduction to a story,
 I have reserv'd to bring before ye ;
 Pregnant with meaning as with mirth,
 Sent from the town that gave us birth.
 A parish-clerk of grave deportment,
 Of books possess'd a small assortment ;
 What kind they were we may suspect,
 Only by marking their effect ;
 For books ill-chos'n, and ill-digested,
 Serve but to make a man affected.
 The fumes ascending to the brain,
 Made him conceited, proud, and vain,
 Assume the critic air and pride,
 And authors, and their works deride.

His folemn phiz, and mental labours,
 Gain'd him respect among his neighbours.
 The ign'rant, swallow'd down the bait,
 And thought his wit and learning great ;
 They oft appeal'd to his decision,
 While some who held him in derision,
 Mov'd with disdain and indignation,
 Conspir'd against his reputation.
 A schoolmaster who laid the plan,
 Brought to him Pope's Essay on Man :
 " See here a poem just come out,
 " Which some folks make a stir about !
 " But my opinion I reserve,
 " 'Till I know what it may deserve ;
 " I'll hear what you've to say upon it,
 " Before I give my judgment on it.
 Well—leave it here—the critic cries,
 With look demure, and half shut eyes
 The end of self-importance chewing,
 Affecting thought—then speech renewing—

“ It will require confideration,

“ Before I give determination ;

“ I muft have time to think about it,

“ I never praise or blame without it.

He leaves the book in Hypher's clutches,

And the event, at diftant watches.

A month elaps'd again he came,

Friend Hypher, you are much to blame,

You've kept my book a month and more,

And never faid why, or wherefore,

'T has ever fince haunted my brain,

I want to read it o'er again.

You've examin'd it e're this,

Pray tell us — is it much amifs ?

“ Why friend—I think—much may be faid,

“ The man had a good rhyming head.

“ Who is this author—do you know him ?

“ 'Tis on the whole—a pretty poem.

“ Yet there are many ftrong objections,

“ Arifing from mature reflections.

“ I had

" I had begun the work to mend,
 " But had not time to make an end.
 " You'll find some pretty observations,
 " And will approve my alterations.
 So saying he produc'd the book,
 The owner cast an eager look,
 Surpris'd each leaf throughout to find
 All blotted, scratch'd, and interlin'd :
 His anger kindled as he spoke,
 And from his lips this language broke.
 You blockhead, puppy, dunce and fool !
 Go send your ignorance to school.
 You alter Pope—you mend his stile !
 'Twould make a very Cynic smile.
 Pay for my book you've pleas'd to spoil,
 And con this lesson, the mean while ;
 Long since some brethren of our class,
 Suspected you to be an ass :
 Sent me to prove your empty boast,
 And I have found you to my cost.

None but such fools as you deny,
 This Pope's infallibility.
 Go learn a truth, of which you've need,
 Critics, before they judge shou'd read.

Dear Tom, while I this tale relate,
 Do not you tremble for my fate?
 Lest I, by ev'ry one review'd,
 By gen'ral censure be persu'd;
 Or if escap'd the common strand,
 Be wreck'd upon my native land.
 The soil with critics doth abound,
 'The shrewdest judges there are found;
 And how can I allowance hope,
 Where parish-clerks correct a Pope.

R U T H:

A N

O R A T O R I O.

PERSONS IN THE DRAMA.

RUTH.

NAOMI.

ORPAH.

BOAZ.

THE KINSMAN OF ELIMELECH.

THE SERVANT OF BOAZ.

CHORUS OF MOABITES.

CHORUS OF REAPERS.

CHORUS OF BETHLEHEMITES

R U T H:

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

NO further friends. Where yonder turrets stand,
My native city rises to my view;

Return in peace. Accept my thanks and blessings.

C H O R U S O F M O A B I T E S.

Adieu, thou matron most distrest,

May'st thou in Judah's land find rest!

Thy

Thy woes forget, thy hopes increase,
Live in comfort, die in peace.

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Well have ye shewn, by deeds of virtuous love,
Your kindness to the living and the dead.

Return my daughters to your native land,
Seek comfort in the bosom of your friends ;
Nor longer waste your youth in fruitless grief,
With one who can with nought but tears repay you.

S O N G.

N A O M I.

Of husband, children, name bereft,
No cheering ray of comfort left,

All hope of fair posterity is fled :
No longer then with me remain,
Nought can I share with you but pain,
For all my joys are buried with the dead.

RECITATIVE

R E C I T A T I V E.

O R P A H.

Afflicted parent! let thy soul accept,
 The kindly aid of sweet society;
 Let us attend thee to thy native place,
 And by our duteous cares allay thy sorrows.

S O N G.

O R P A H.

Let me thy fate, thy fortunes share,
 My truth declare, my service prove;
 Double each joy, divide each care,
 By tender acts of filial love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

I shar'd thy joys, let me partake thy sorrows,
 Alas! I have too just a claim to both.

S O N G.

R U T H.

Tho' bending with the weight of grief,
 Friendship can give thy foul relief;
 'Tis her's to raise the drooping heart,
 And hope's reviving balm impart;
 She shall enfold thee in her breast,
 And lull thy sorrows into rest.

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Alas my daughters! for your sakes I grieve,
 That the Almighty hath chastised me.
 I wou'd return alone to Bethlchem,
 And lay my head with my forefather's dust.
 Oh Death! thy quiet and refreshing shade,
 Shall yield a long and undisturb'd repose;
 From all the fruitless toils and vanities
 That wait on human wishes, hopes and cares!

D U E T T O,

D U E T T O, O R T R I O.

N A O M I.

Adieu ye children of my heart !

O R P A H.

Ah parent, friend, how shall we part !

N A O M I.

My soul returns your grateful love.

O R P A H.

Ah may'st thou hours of comfort prove !

N A O M I.

Adieu ye children of my heart !

R U T H, O R P A H.

Ah parent, friend, how shall we part !

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Behold, thy sister is departed home,

Why dost thou linger and prolong the pain ;

Return my daughter, seek thine own repose,
May peace and happiness attend thy steps.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

Let me not leave thee, bid me not return,
My soul desires to dwell where thou abid'st ;
Thy God, thy land, thy people shall be mine,
For life, or death, I never will forsake thee ;
For where thy bones repose shall mine be laid.
The mighty God punish my breach of faith,
If ever ought but death part me and thee !

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Oh wond'rous proof of more than filial love !
What words can shew the heart's true gratitude ?
The Lord reward thy piety and virtue !

S O N G

S O N G.

N A O M I.

On faith so tried, so pure as thine,
My soul's sad burthen I recline ;
And feel sweet hope revive :
With thee I'll share my lot, my heart,
Nor from thy side will e'er depart ;
'Till death shall each deprive.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A B E T H L E H E M I T E M A N.

Is not this Naomi, our friend and sister,
Who went to sojourn in the land of Moab ?
Let us advance to help her on her way,
And welcome her to this her native place.

C H O R U S O F B E T H L E H E M I T E S.

Naomi, our friend, is come ;
Welcome to thy native home !

No

No more shall we thy absence mourn,
Made joyful by thy wish'd return.

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Speak not of joy, call me not Naomi,
But by some name expressing bitter grief :
I went out full, and am returned empty,
“ A childless parent, and a widow'd wife.”

S O N G.

N A O M I.

Ah never let fond parents grieve,
Nor grasp at future happiness ;
But reckon children transient joys,
Which one hour gives, the next destroys :
I vainly dar'd to think these blessings mine,
Till he who gave, compell'd me to resign.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A BETHLEHEMITE MAN.

Alas what worldly blessings are secure !

Each holds his bliss by an uncertain tenure.—

The Lord who gave, can also take away.

Confess his hand, adore him in thy suff'rings,

Who like a father doth correct his children ;

Wounds but to heal, chastises but to save.

S O N G A N D C H O R U S.

Cease thou, oh matron, to lament thy loss,

Think what an off'ring thou to God hast sent ;

With meekness bear thy sorrows bitter cross,

And render him with patience what he lent :

This if thou do, he will an offspring give,

That to the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

E N D O F T H E F I R S T A C T.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

R U T H, N A O M I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

L E T me not eat the bread of idleness,
 Nor be a burthen to my aged parent ;
 Behold the season opens to my view,
 The means to use my industry for both.

S O N G.

R U T H.

“ The labours of the active bee,
 “ Awake my soul to industry ;
 “ Can I survey the careful ant,
 “ And not provide for future want.

Oh

Oh let me thus my hours employ,
 And in my duty find my joy :
 Excited by this gen'rous end,
 To serve my parent and my friend.

R E C I T A T I V E.

N A O M I.

Go then in peace thou comfort of mine age,
 Go to the field and glean the needful grain !
 Oh may'st thou light upon a fertile soil,
 Whose gen'rous lord scatters a large remain,
 To help the stranger, fatherless, and widow !

S O N G.

N A O M I.

The Lord who hears the ravens cry,
 And gives them needful food ;
 Will his own offspring sure supply,
 With all things for their good.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

RUTH, BOAZ, REAPERS.

RECITATIVE.

SERVANT OF BOAZ.

PR AISE we the Lord, who bids the circling year
Fulfil its course! he regulates the seasons.

His clouds drop fatness on the fertile earth :

Which bring her various products to perfection,

Filling his creatures hearts with food and gladness.

CHORUS OF REAPERS.

These are thy gifts oh bounteous Lord,

To thee incessant praises rise ;

Who madest all things by thy word,

In earth and sea, in air and skies.

SONG.

S O N G.
A R E A P E R.

Full of the blessings of the year,
With golden smiles our fields appear ;
The waving ranks of bearded grain,
Crown and enrich the fertile plain ;
The flowing bowl, the chearful smile
Amplly reward the farmer's toil.

R E C I T A T I V E.
B O A Z.

The God whom you so chearfully adore,
Smile on your labours, and accept your praises !—
May peace and plenty flourish and increase,
Corn, wine and oil reward the toiler's care !

S O N G.

B O A Z.

Accurs'd be he whose folded doors,
 Withhold the ripen'd grain ;
 Whose fordid soul his wealth adores,
 And wrongs the lab'ring swain :
 The poor man's sighs in silence rise,
 And call down vengeance from the skies.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A R E A P E R.

The Lord be with thee, and increase thy blessings?
 May all thy favours to the poor and wretched,
 Return an hundred fold into thy bosom.

C H O R U S O F R E A P E R S.

All praise to God we first express,
 Whose gifts our tongues proclaim ;
 This duty paid, we next address,
 Our bounteous master's name :

Whose

Whose gen'rous heart, and open hand,
Spread joy and plenty thro' his land.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

How sweet to labour in the land of freedom !
To dwell with those who serve the living God,
And hear their grateful voices sound his praise !

S O N G.

R U T H.

No more for blessings lost I grieve,
The Lord an alien doth receive ;
Among his own enroll'd ;
He lets me know his blessed will,
Guides me to his most holy hill,
And keeps me in his fold.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B O A Z.

Who is this lovely and industrious fair one,
Whose pious numbers charm the list'ning ear;
'Till the soul hang delighted on the sound,
And seems to taste angelic harmony?

R E C I T A T I V E.

S E R V A N T O F B O A Z.

This is that damsel from the land of Moab,
Whose faith in God, and love of Naomi,
Made her forsake her country and her friends,
To dwell with Naomi in Bethlehem.
At her desire she come to glean thy field,
And wrought with us from the first dawn of day.

S O N G.

B O A Z.

Thy pious love to me is known,
Thy praise in all the land is shewn.

Blessings attend thy virtuous name,
 Dear to thy parent, dear to fame!
 May Israel's God thy truth regard,
 And give thy work its full reward!

R E C I T A T I V E.

B O A Z.

Hear me my daughter! go not from my fields,
 But eat thy morsel with my servants here;
 And drink of that my young men have provided,
 I have commanded them concerning thee.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

Ah what am I, that thou should'st notice me,
 That I shou'd find such favour in thy sight,
 Who am a stranger and an alien?
 Accept the tribute of the widow's thanks;
 My mother Naomi who claims thy kindred,
 Shall better speak her gratitude for both.

SONG

S O N G.

R U T H.

The gen'rous mind can only know,
 The joys that from its bounty flow ;
 To ease the burthen'd heart :
 To him the privilege is giv'n,
 To imitate the Lord of heav'n,
 And good to all impart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R U T H.

Say is there not a law in Israel,
 When any man of property dies childless,
 That the most near of kin should buy his land,
 And make the dead man's name to be remember'd ?

B O A Z.

There is : — But to what end is this enquiry ?

R U T H.

R U T H.

Be not offended at thy handmaid's words,
Art thou not a near kinsman to the dead
Elimelech, and his two childless sons?

B O A Z.

I understand the purport of thy words,
And stand astonish'd at thy wond'rous virtue!

S O N G.

B O A Z.

Faithful in thought, in deed, in word,
May'st thou be blessed of the Lord,
Who to thy husband's house such kindness shew'd;
No act of love didst thou omit,
No length of time made thee forget,
But at the end thy gen'rous cares renew'd.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B O A Z.

O worthy of the house of Israel,
 Whom Judah's daughters ever shall remember !
 How willingly would I perform for thee
 The office of a kinsman to the dead ?
 But know there is a nearer than myself,
 Whom I will see and question on this matter.
 If he refuse to do the kinsman's part,
 As the Lord liveth before whom we stand,
 I will myself perform it for thy sake !
 Return my daughter, to thy worthy parent,
 Commend me to her, and remain assur'd
 I will not rest till I have finish'd this.

C H O R U S O F R E A P E R S.

Maker omnipotent ! fountain of light !
 Thou also mad'st the day, and thou the night !

The

The moon's resplendent orb which we behold,
 The firmament thus spangled with bright gold ;
 Our days in useful works employ'd are blest,
 Our nights made short by quiet, balmy rest.

11 7 49

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

The moon's splendour and which we
The moment that the sun
One day in a life work
One night in a life work

THE SECOND ACT

The first scene is set in a room
The second scene is set in a room
The third scene is set in a room
The fourth scene is set in a room

E R R A T A.

P. x. l. 6. *dele* re-; p. xvii. l. 10. *for* of, *r.* of.—In the List of Subscribers, *for* Ernot, *r.* Ernst; *after* William Hamilton, Esq; *put* eight books; *for* Homkey, *r.* Hankey; *for* Haselt, *r.* Hasell; *for* Jaxcomb, *r.* Jacomb; *for* Kelt, *r.* Kell; *for* Lambort, *r.* Lambert; *for* Parke, *r.* Paske; *for* Sewelt, Hutton, *r.* Sewel, Stutton; *for* Walt, *r.* Wall.—
P. 17. l. 1. *for* inspires venal, *r.* inspires the venal; p. 19. l. 7. *for* my, *r.* thy; p. 25. l. 1. *for* enormous, *r.* envious; p. 27. l. *ult.* *for* horrid, *r.* honour'd; p. 34. l. 1. *for* Jaconetta, *r.* Jeanetta; p. 45. l. *ult.* *for* coud, *r.* cou'd; p. 53. l. 1. *for* hnd, *r.* hand; p. 56. l. 56. *for* attend, *r.* attend; p. 68. l. 4. *for* mind, *r.* mead; p. 70. l. 15. *for* refin'd, *r.* refined; p. 75. l. 8. *for* virtue's, *r.* virtuous; p. 76. l. 1. *for* Picturre, *r.* Picture; p. 81. l. 19. *for* end, *r.* cud.

А Т А Н Н

1. 19. The end of the world.
 2. 18. The end of the world.
 3. 17. The end of the world.
 4. 16. The end of the world.
 5. 15. The end of the world.
 6. 14. The end of the world.
 7. 13. The end of the world.
 8. 12. The end of the world.
 9. 11. The end of the world.
 10. 10. The end of the world.
 11. 9. The end of the world.
 12. 8. The end of the world.
 13. 7. The end of the world.
 14. 6. The end of the world.
 15. 5. The end of the world.
 16. 4. The end of the world.
 17. 3. The end of the world.
 18. 2. The end of the world.
 19. 1. The end of the world.